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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 38

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1916

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

WILL Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, if elected President, send a message to the Congress urging the repeal of the Adamson eight-hour law?

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By Trial and Error

THE President's answer to the critics of his action with regard to the strike settlement is overwhelming, smashing. He thought the eight-hour day just, approved by public sentiment as voiced by many State legislatures; therefore not arbitrable. As to the effect of the law on wages and upon railroad fixed charges, he held that the way to determine the effect was to give the law a trial, under the investigatorial supervision of a commission. The railroad managers rejected the proposal of trial. Congress passed the law, with its trial provisions, and the strike was averted. The eight-hour day is to be officially arbitrated on the facts, and arbitration of all other matters is to be provided by further enactment. The President says "labor is not a commodity." Man is not a commodity. Neither is a dead material thing. Furthermore, while the individual owns his labor, as he owns himself, he cannot be forced to work, individuals massed in organizations cannot be permitted to dislocate society at their own sweet will. Instead of acting without investigation the President acted so as to assure a practical experiment in the operation of the eight-hour day. It is the railroad managers who are opposed to arbitration by the only sure method for arriving at convincing results—the method of trial and error.

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Did you ever see anything like this prosperity they are telling us we are having? It is keeping everybody broke.

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Vacant Lots

THE St. Louis Board of Education has had an auction sale of property including about forty-five vacant lots the board has been holding for years. Who does any business with a vacant lot? It eats up the improvements on used lots. A vacant lot is a nuisance. No public institution should own one. It is an economic misdemeanor. Forty-five of them are a crime.

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The Push and Its Cost

NEWSPAPER war maps from day to day indicate clearly the great bend the Allies have made in the Teutonic line on the west since July 1st. The attack is plainly seen as a push and not a drive. What the maps do not show is the terrible cost in lives of this slow, steady offensive. At the present rate of progress, assuming that the conflict is to be determined in the West, the war cannot possibly end within a year. The way to the German border will have to be plowed with billions of shells and sown with a million men.

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Barbarous Warfare

THE more one reads of Zeppelin raids upon England the more they seem to be not worth their cost. In the raids no one is killed but noncombatants. No military advantage accrues from them. They serve only to intensify British determination to fight to a finish. They increase enlistments. The Zeppelins are more spectacular than effective and the British have found a way to fight them off. Aerial warfare is not the success that was predicted. The aeroplane's chief value is in scouting. It is not of record that the Zeppelins did much damage in the

sea fight off Jutland. If bomb dropping upon unfortified places by Germans is inhuman and ineffective, the same practice by air-craft of the Allies is no less damnable.

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Biggest Shakespeare Celebration

THE Veiled Prophet pageant next Tuesday evening will picture colorful scenes from Shakespeare. It will be the largest and most beautiful public commemoration of the tercentenary given in the English-speaking world. And there will not be the faintest hint of Bacon.

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He's Peanutting

MR. HENRY LAMM, Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, is determined, if he can, to prevent the establishment of a land bank that will release the farmer from the clutch of the money shark. Mr. Lamm is for the rural usurer, against the cultivator of the soil. The members of Mr. Lamm's own party in the legislature voted for the land bank bill. Mr. Lamm said never a word against it. Mr. Lamm says the bill is defective. It can be amended. The principle of the bill is all right. If not, why doesn't Mr. Lamm attack the rural credits bill enacted by the Congress? Col. Gardner studied the rural credits system of every country in Europe before preparing the bill that Mr. Lamm attacks. It is too bad that Mr. Lamm is forced to assail a measure of universally conceded necessity in order to beat its author for the governorship. But Mr. Lamm won't beat Col. Gardner. Missouri wants Gardner for Governor because he has no strings on him. Col. Gardner is a business man who will give us the irreducible minimum of politics in the administration of State affairs. The fight on Col. Gardner is a fight against the proposal to put the farmer on a business footing. It is peanut politics.

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Labor's Friend

"I AM A FRIEND OF LABOR" says Charles Evans Hughes. "How about the Danbury Hatters' case?" shouts Labor in reply. Was it not Hughes who ruled that strikers' homes could be taken from them for participating in a boycott of an unfair shop?

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The Fee-Splitters

A NATIONAL organization of medical men who announce themselves in favor of splitting fees has been perfected here. Their faith is this: they believe that when they have a case on hand in which the services of a surgeon are called for, and the surgeon performs an operation, the surgeon should split his fee with the doctor who calls him in. Someone promptly cries out for a law to make such fee-splitting a misdemeanor or even a crime; at the very least the fee-splitters are to be deprived of their licenses to practice. I don't see why there should be any fuss about fee-splitting. In France it is done openly. If it were thoroughly understood here that the surgeon would split his fee with the doctor who calls him in, patients or their relatives would govern themselves accordingly. Both doctors' and surgeons' fees are growing smaller. Both doctors and surgeons render many services for which they receive no pay. Fees are going down so steadily that there is little to split these days. Surgeons are multiplying enormously. Their number would indicate that there must be more fee-splitting than either physicians or surgeons admit. Secret fee-splitting is, of course, a bad practice. But fee-splitting by physicians and surgeons who openly proclaim that they do it, is not especially

objectionable. The higher the class of the physician and surgeon the less likelihood that either will indulge in fee-splitting: the physician will not be a tout and the surgeon will not pay a runner-up of business for him. If those men who declare they believe in and practice fee-splitting want to advertise their addiction to that practice, they may be left to the consequences of their own proclamation. If they are thoroughly honest they will make their announcements on their professional cards and office signs, so the public may know them, thus: "John D. Smith, M. D., F.S." Fee-splitting under pretense of not fee-splitting is the evil to be condemned. When we know the fee-splitter, who, what and where he is, we shall not be afraid of him. Sailing under his own colors he will not be particularly objectionable. And no law, no code of ethics solemnly sworn to, will prevent the natural or acquired fee-splitter from splitting fees. Those who cannot get their own consent to do it, won't do it, that's all. The others—well, they may confront themselves with whatever complacency they can bring to bear upon the object of their contemplation.

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Fire Up!

ABOUT time, is it not, for some more fires in the Missouri penitentiary shops? There were seven we are told—all blamed on convicts who have not been discovered. All prison-labor contracts at Jefferson City come to an end the first of next January. The equipment of the shops will then be junk. Clearly it's time for some more fires.

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No "Pep"

It's the truth, that there's no "pep" as yet in the Presidential campaign. That's not a good sign for the Democrats. It means that if they are not careful the Republicans will put something over in New York, Ohio and Indiana. The protectionist money is beginning to pour out in all those states with a view to getting out the votes of those elements whose business is voting. The fine-work will be covered up with a lot of old-fashioned, machine-made hoop-la.

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Before Dawn in California

CALIFORNIA will vote next election day on a proposition to amend the State Constitution, thus:

Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended to take effect January 1st, 1917, by the following Section:

Public revenues, state, county, municipal and district, shall be raised by taxation of land values exclusive of improvements, and no tax or charge for revenue shall be imposed on any labor product, occupation, business or person; but this shall not prevent the assessment of incomes and inheritances to provide funds for old age pensions, mothers' endowments, and workmen's unemployment and disability insurance.

Land holdings shall be equally assessed, according to their value for use or occupancy, without regard to any work of man thereon; this value shall be determined in municipalities, and wherever else practicable, by the "Somers System," or other means of exact computation from central locations.

The intent of this provision is to take for public use the rental and site values of land, and to reduce land holding to those only who live on or make productive use of it.

Conflicting provisions are hereby repealed.

The proposal was placed upon the ballot by an initiative petition signed overwhelmingly in excess of the required number. The issue divides honors in interest with the presidential canvass. The State is aflame with it. For California is probably the worst landlord State in the Union. These landlords hold millions of acres unimproved and practically untaxed, but not one of those acres is to be had at anything like a reasonable price by an intending small user. The land is held for the rise due to the influx of population. It stands in the way of development and progress, while progressive developers of the State's resources are punitively taxed for adding to the wealth of the community. The people show signs of beginning to see that the amendment above will untax labor and tax parasitism to death. This simple proposition will give back the land of California to the people, if it

should be adopted. It will break every "cinch" that has held California back and down. First of all, it will destroy land speculation and unlock the natural resources and the natural opportunities of California, now held in a closed shop grip away from the common man. A splendid battle has been made for the amendment by the Single Taxers. They write me, the leaders, that they are very likely to win. What exquisite fitness there would be in the triumph of "the land for the people" in the State where Henry George conceived and wrote the world-shaking book which points out the way for the restoration of the earth to the children of men!

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The Inefficiency Board

OUR St. Louis Efficiency Board has set aside the Charter provision for examinations of applicants for city positions under the merit system. Heads of departments are to be permitted to employ men as they please, without official determination of their fitness. This is a reinstatement of the spoils system which the Charter was adopted to destroy. It makes the Efficiency Board an Inefficiency Board. A body created by the Charter to remedy an evil organizes to perpetuate and intrench that evil. City affairs are to be turned over to a political gang. Loot is the result of the uprising for charter reform. But who hears or sees anything of public indignation about this defiance of the public will?

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The Boys are Back

MISSOURI'S First Regiment came home from the Mexican border last Tuesday, and gave us a fine thrill, marching through the streets of St. Louis. They were first in the field and first in general readiness, under the President's call. They came back most soldierly in every respect. How much firmer, more manly formed than when they went away! They looked not only better soldiers, but better citizens. They had not killed anyone, nor had any of their number been killed. They showed unmistakably the value of discipline. One need not be a drinker of hot blood to approve the man-making effect of military training, for, after all, what is military training but the perfection of co-operation to a given end? All of militarism is not bad. Much of what made Germany commercially, scientifically, socially great was the carrying over into civil affairs of the co-operative element in what has been denounced as militarism. It looks, too, as if a certain militarization of industry is going to be the commercial salvation of Great Britain. In a democracy we can check and control militarization. We need not fear it overmuch.

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Why Not See It?

I THINK St. Louisans will enjoy "Experience," George V. Hobart's modern morality at the Shubert-Garrick Theater next week. It is a good play in the reading, even if not writ in the grand style. Scenically it is most effective. Dramatically it makes very direct appeal to the common stock of emotions and ideals in a succession of scenes which realize a rather antique allegory. "Experience" is a dramatized homily, a moralistic demonstration of life in general and it has touches of wisdom and beauty in many places. It isn't high-browed in the least. It backs the new-morality, which isn't morality at all, off the boards. I read the play, the other day, and found it worth while decidedly in its old-fashioned mid-Victorian way, which was not the Great White Way.

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The White Slave Law

THIS paper was one of the very few in the country that condemned the Mann white-slave act for its evident effect in encouraging blackmailing operations. The act was not needed. The various States had laws to reach all the evils the act was designed to remove. Now the country reads the story of the operations of the big blackmail syndicate in Chicago, and sees that the Mann act was the chief effective element in the facilitation of the new form of "badger game." I venture to say that there is not a United States District Attorney's office in the land that has not discovered an attempt to use the office for blackmailing purposes under the Mann act. I

don't know how many white slavers have been punished under the law, but I do know that most of the prominent cases of prosecution under it have not been cases of white-slaving at all. They have been mostly cases against goatish men who foolishly carried on across State lines liaisons with women who knew perfectly well what they were doing.

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The Social Evil

WE are having another cleaning out of soiled-dove-cotes in St. Louis. Some neighborhoods are being purified to the infection and contagion of others. The purified regions are not rendered desirable residence sections for other people. This crusade merely enlarges the blighted area in the city. If the women are driven from this city, they are driven to some other community. If the women are driven out of flats and residences, the effect is to make business good for a growing crop of assignation hotels. The girls scourged out of their haunts cannot secure honest employment. They cannot go into decent homes. Let them try to reform and they are crucified wherever their past is revealed. The St. Louis Times leads the crusade and incidentally publishes a butchered version of Rossetti's poem "Jenny," in support of a movement against which the poem is a most powerful argument. I wish some of the people who are always hounding the "priestesses of humanity blasted for the sins of the people" would read Sanger's "History of Prostitution." They would learn how futile have been all attempts to stamp out the curse. Everything has been tried and found a failure. We shall have prostitution just so long as the girl who loves not wisely but too well is thereby put out of society and is forced to sell her body in order to make a living. Prostitution in a big city is best dealt with by a police force headed by some man of blended common sense and human sympathy—some man who will let the women live in certain districts so long as they do not flaunt themselves or break the laws.

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Our Swell Tenements

AN article in last week's paper, "The Apartment Craze," has brought me many letters. Everybody seems to recognize that the mania is a bad thing for the city, in that it is emptying so many houses in the region east of Vandeventer avenue. If the city were growing, if there were more people coming here, the vacated houses down-town would fill up, but the people are not coming. On the contrary, people are leaving with factories that have found locations in Detroit or elsewhere. The men who are putting up the apartments are not concerned about the houses they empty. They are using their land to get a return and they are profiting by the prevalence of a social fad and an economic condition. They are not their brothers' keepers. They are "getting theirs" by speculating in land values. They are playing the game. In time, other apartments farther west will pull tenants out of the apartments that are filling up now. Without an increase of population there is bound to come a period of building bankruptcy. The supply of vacant houses in St. Louis is a thousand per cent beyond the demand. There is no profit in vacant property and it cannot be mortgaged with any ease. Land speculation, of which the apartment craze is but one phase, is eating the heart out of St. Louis. The unused land cannot be sold at the holders' prices. This means that it is held too high. There are no signs that the values are going to rise very soon. Land-owners are complaining about taxes general and special on this idle property. But if land were taxed of all its rent there would be no spreading out of the city. It would be more compactly built, more thoroughly put to human use. If buildings were untaxed the old shacks would be replaced with new structures. We would have more factories, the workers in which would need homes to live in. The apartment craze is a part of the land question. The private appropriation of publicly created land values kills improvement down-town, incites an orgy of apartment building in the West End and packs people like sardines into structures that are destined soon to become tenements.

What the Vandals Leave

By Herbert Riley Howe

This is one of eighty-one best short stories selected by New York "Life" from over 30,000 manuscripts, for which "Life" paid over \$12,000. No story longer than 1,500 words was admitted. All stories accepted were paid for at the rate of 10 cents a word for every word less than 1,500. All the accepted stories are presented in a volume entitled, "Short Stories from 'Life,'" with a sapid introduction by Tom L. Masson, Editor of "Life." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. Price, \$1.25.

THE war was over, and he was back in his native city that had been retaken from the Vandals. He was walking rapidly through a dimly-lit quarter. A woman touched his arm and accosted him in fuddled accents.

"Where are you going, M'sieu? With me, hein?" He laughed.

"No, not with you, old girl. I'm going to find my sweetheart."

He looked down at her. They were near a street lamp. She screamed. He seized her by the shoulders and dragged her closer to the light. His fingers dug her flesh, and his eyes gleamed.

"Joan!" he gasped.

♦♦♦♦

Our Public Library

By Vine McCasland

ORDINARILY it would not occur to me to read a blue-bound "Annual Report" of anything whatever, unless I had been cast with the thing upon a desert island—an island where haply Mr. Carnegie had as yet established no library with its neat bronze tablet mentioning his name and his benevolent disposition. Even under those circumstances I doubt if I should be starved down to an "Annual Report" until the long winter set in. But happening to flirt the pages of Mr. Bostwick's last document of that description, I saw that it contained both pictures and conversation—"What," said Alice, "is the use of a book without pictures or conversation?" So I felt cheered and took it along to read.

You recall *Joey Vance's* delicious father, and *Dr. Thorpe*. *Joey* was sure that *Dr. Thorpe* was not a regular doctor, and *Vance père* said ruminatively that then "he must be a Liberry Beggar." Our Mr. Bostwick, the adopted child of "The Different West," is in truth the very prince of "Liberry Beggars." This report alone proves it. You cannot read it and fail to be impressed with Mr. Bostwick's many-sidedness. He is centagonal, if there is such a word. The President of the United States, if required to pass a civil service examination in the multitude of subjects in which the "Liberry Beggar" is not a dabbler but an adept, would probably make a record like Hank Wecke's. The omniscient person who answers the questions in the daily press is a mere babbling babe beside him. Even Mr. Reedy doesn't know as much as that.

When I finished Mr. Bostwick's report, skimming on Pavlowa's tiptoes over the doubtless valuable statistics, I was moved to exclaim, "Well, Bost my Wick, but that library man is a demon!" Let me recommend the report to the general reader. It is full of wit, satire, art, poetry, philosophy, truth, humor, poetry, and arithmetic, in satisfying quantities. It lacks only mystery and heart-interest to make it a popular novel. Crime it has. What else is the admission that in the bindery they take "small thin books," doubtless those that are too weak and dispirited to stand up, and "stab" them! Yet there is a library Red Cross that carefully tends the wounded. "The sight of the ambulance trucks bearing the poor, disabled books to the book hospital after the desperate onslaught of the readers is suggestive of the ravages of war." Had you ever considered yourself in that militant light, ungentle reader, when you devoured some volume, leaving it in a crippled condition?

Mr. Bostwick prefaces his report with a significant quotation from Herbert Putnam, of the Library of Congress. "The present-day librarian," opines Mr. Putnam, "must not forget to be contemporary . . . with the present. He must be informed not merely as to the book but as to the reader." To use a pet phrase of Williamina Parrish, he must in fact be "Johnnie at the rat-hole." Mr. Bostwick and his staff seem really to live up to the pace set by this ideal. They do infinitely more than keeping books in order and handing them out to the public properly stamped.

Taking Mr. Bostwick's complex functions at their lowest, he is in some sort a Superscrubwoman, a high priest of Janitorism. He is not too proud to show feeling for one of that humble order; he actually devotes three lines of his report to decorous regret at the death of a mere janitor. "The Board has been deprived during the year of the services of—" etc. Of course, when a Trustee proves to be mortal, one devotes a page to commemorating his virtues in a formal statement that begins "Resolved that" (why do people *resolve* an obituary?). Unless Socialism succeeds in making the lion lie down with the lamb and levels the trustee with the janitor, things will always be so. But even to mention that so "mere" a thing as a mere janitor ceased to exist shows what a truly democratic heart beats in Mr. Bostwick's bosom! Moreover, there are fourteen janitors in the main building, besides a superintendent, a head janitor, a painter, a carpenter, a marble cleaner, a nightwatchman, a clerk, engineers, elevator operators, gardeners, and other satellites so various and sundry that the list sounds like the list of supernumeraries in a play. When the boys of the staff gave a little party one evening, the music was furnished by the Filipino janitors, and it must have been a very jolly little party, one of the kind at which "an enjoyable time was had by all." Is not a janitor a man? When you come to think of it, that obscure, blue-coated Man with the Mop, who died, has been interred with honor, embalmed in Mr. Bostwick's report like a fly in amber. (I hope you number no janitors among the readers of the MIRROR, though Mr. Bostwick's report mentions maids, kitchen boys and scrubmen and women as patrons of the library.)

Let us dry our tears and go back to where we were before I commenced this Elegy in a City Library. We are accustomed to think of a librarian solely as a man of books. Mr. Bostwick, as Superscrubwoman, administers the cleaning and lacquering of bronze, the re-pointing of brick and stone work, the washing and re-starching of ceilings, the cleaning of different kinds of surfaces. The man who only dreamt he dwelt in marble halls had an easy time compared to the man who lives in real marble halls and has to keep them clean. He has to discriminate among soaps and washing powders. You remember the abject scrub-lady in "The Light That Failed," who asked the red-headed girl, "Beggin' y'r pardon, Miss, but there's three kinds of soaps as is yellow and mottled and disinfectink. Which were you wishful I should use?"

Mr. Bostwick shows what a man can do when he invades woman's sphere. He focuses his brain on having the terrace-paving and the front steps scrubbed, with the same care that he would give to the delicate job of reinforcing with chiffon the rotting paper of some rare volume. I rather fancy Mr. Bostwick's thoroughness in his role of housewife. I like his pride in the discontinuance of roller towels and the provision of paper ones for the public. I enjoy his undisguised enthusiasm for that portable vacuum cleaner and the electric scrubbing machine that "does" the cork-tile floors and the marble and terrazzo. "The entire floor surface, amounting to about four acres, is swept with moist sawdust every day and mopped or scrubbed at least once a week. . . . the furniture is dusted daily with cheesecloth and sheep's wool dusters." Really, doesn't he go on like a happy young bride who is taking housekeeping seriously?

Mr. Bostwick's temple is not merely swept with

sawdust, and dusted with sheep's wool, it is adorned with art and garnished with flowers. Even in the small detail of attractively spaced and lettered notices on bulletin boards, this care for beauty is evident. From the Missouri Botanical Garden, from the collections of plant lovers, from flower shows and from anonymous lovers of children, have come plants and flowers for the library. There are enough now to have a special committee devoted to them. As for art, the library has become the Little Sister of the Art Museum (not so little, either). The policy of the administration and the particular efficiency of Mary Powell have worked together to achieve this.

It is evident to anyone who uses the library much that Mr. Bostwick has sat up nights thinking out the problems of getting the books to the people. In his eagerness to serve, he has gone more than half way. Books will be delivered to you by special messenger for the mere carfare. I well remember a bitter-cold winter day when a negro messenger, with feet enormous from the burlap sacks he had wrapped around them, battled through the snow to bring me some books. When you go on your summer vacation, the library lets you carry off a good armful of books for the summer. If you are sick, it delivers them to the hospital; it carries them to your children in school; it hunts you up in your factory or club, and brings you books. If you telephone ahead, it will deposit any particular books at a department store where you shop. It will send them to you by parcel post. What more can you want? The great convenience of being allowed to return a book at any station or branch wherever it was drawn, will be appreciated only by those who have felt the inconveniences of the other system, as in Detroit.

Mr. Bostwick has done everything to make it easy for people to get books. It is no fault of his that the library is awkwardly located, that it has a penitential number of steps to climb, and "acres" of waste space in it that is wearisome to traverse for librarians and public alike. An architect is a being who cares nothing for comfort so long as he can produce a public building that will look imposing on a postal card. And the average architect thinks he can't produce the imposing without sticking it up at the top of a cascade of steps. So there, Cass Gilbert!

I have said that the library staff seems to keep up nobly with the pace set by their chief. They seem to me the most responsive, the most alert, and the most sympathetic set of people I know. They might be bored, but they are not: they are interested. They might be impatient, but they are not: they are angelic. And they might be aloof and impersonal: but they are not, they are perfectly human. I heard one struggling to speak French to a Frenchman one evening. It nearly killed her, but she kept on, and the man was pleased. These young Minervas look at the helpless public, the ignorant, stupid public, through their huge, tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, with honest friendliness. It is true that no vagaries of the public can shock or surprise them any longer. These things are all in the day's work, as hanging is to the hangman. They are imperturbable in their wisdom and tolerance and patience. A little boy demands a book called "The Red Ship." He doesn't know the author. By patient questioning, the librarian discovers that the "Rubaiyat," or "Ruby Yacht," is his heart's desire. A breezy Socialist blows in, clad in a middy blouse and a sealskin coat, and tells the story of her life to the librarian, and then asks to be directed to a boarding-house. A shabby man whose hobby is raising phenomenally large coxcombs comes in with some specimens and wants the librarian to tell him how to preserve them perpetually in wax. A German woman wants to know where she can get a midwife's license. A man wishes to find out the average age of Presbyterian ministers in the United States. A clubwoman in a state of mental fog asks for "The Beloved Enemy," by Noah Webster, having confused "The Beloved Vagabond," "Dear Enemy," and Jean Webster and the compiler of the

dictionary. But however outlandish the demand, the library attempts to answer it.

The childlike trustfulness with which the public leans upon the broad bosom of its library is both amusing and pathetic. But the attitude redounds to the glory of the library's policy. Had the institution remained cold and distant, the people would never have opened their hearts to it as to a friend. It would have remained merely a building filled with books. Now it is a kind of Alma Mater, a most versatile and omniscient Alma Mater, who gathers the city's children of all nations around her knees and tells them beautiful old stories; an Alma Mater who gives joy to the blind through their finger-tips; who lends music to homes where grand opera is inaccessible; a Kindly Mother who invites the mothers of the neighborhood in for a cup of tea and shows them how to guide their children's reading,—in a thousand ways answering people's questions and helping the bewildered ones to *formulate* their questions.

Here are a few bits from the reports of heads of branch libraries:

At the Barr Branch: "The call for moving-picture material of all kinds, large throughout the library, is especially lively and interesting at this branch. The moving picture magazines literally never get to the shelf, and the back numbers are not retired until they drop to pieces. Scarcely second is the demand for instructions in scenario writing. As far as I can see, the entire population of the South Side is writing for the movies. Like the crochet-books and the automobile-repair instructions, the library could spend all of its money on these classes and never find any on the shelves. The same thing may be said of cook books and volumes of recitations, games, and after-dinner stories. . . . The reference calls and the requests for special books seem to get more and more distracting. I remember one evening when we were trying to watch a thousand points at once. A high school boy demanded material on military training in high school (almost impossible to find), a man asked me to advise him how to conduct a salesmen's convention, and a third person wanted a book of instruction on the behavior of an undertaker. This institution should be an example of preparedness, for it is to our interest to save every scrap of material on topics in every conceivable field of knowledge. The community continues to look upon the library as a source of supply of more than books. One child was sent by his mother to find out how long the gas and light company stayed open for the payment of bills; a woman came to borrow some face powder because 'she was going to a funeral and might need it'; a child came in to borrow some carfare because his mother had locked him out and gone away. One child says she is going to bring her mother and her father and her uncle and stay all day because 'she likes this house.' Another one begs for an assistant's dress 'when you outgrow it.' A grown woman came in one morning to sew a little between errands; and as a lunch-room we are more than popular."

Another librarian notes the decline of "browsing." What a pity!

At the Cabanne Branch the librarian notes rather ironically the tastes of her public. "Our public seems less persistent in its desire for new light fiction. Among our most popular non-fiction books, not counting war books and Shakespeariana, are those about South America and biographies of living people. Sport books are in great demand by men and ethics by women. The great popularity of Sara Teasdale's 'Rivers to the Sea' and Prof. Usher's several recent books indicate that these two prophets are not without honor in their own country. It has been interesting to note the increase, during the last six months, in the demand for books about the war. . . . Just after the outbreak of the war, and for a few months following it, war books were rather naturally our most popular books; then suddenly they were all left on the shelves. The warring countries, the reasons for the war, the reasons against it, its remedy, its solution, what went

before it and what would follow, were all alike without interest to the Cabanne public. But about five or six months ago a new interest in all that pertains to the war seemed to awaken and we are now issuing not only our new, but our older books." The fickle public!

At the Carondelet branch men have used the library more than ever before. They ask for information about trades, machinery, and new methods. Many of these men are employed in local industries, such as the zinc works, among whose men are about 200 Mexicans and some Spaniards from the hill countries of Spain. This branch has done much work with outlying schools. Schools far from the branch show as good a percentage of readers as those that are near. Children who are readers will walk for miles for a book.

The Crunden branch is meeting the demands for Yiddish literature and Yiddish music. "At the Soulard branch the clubs have been more serious than formerly, as the following examples will show: The Ladies' Auxiliary of the South Broadway Synagogue, the Soulard Baseball Club, the Billy Moore Theatrical Club, two Socialist organizations, the Lithuanian Singing Society, and occasional Hungarian and Russian patriotic meetings. The Singing Society has deposited its organ with us because our borrowed piano had an F sharp which offended its musical sense. . . . The little books of civics and the simple readers for foreigners went very well. So do the few war books in German and English on the German side of the conflict. Strange to say, the books on the other side of the subject are not only not popular, but needed to be separated from the German material before it was deemed worthy of notice. Before the division, all the books were ignored; now the German ones are read. . . . The fancy-work revival has taken a firm foothold among our thrifty and industrious neighbors. Our collection was inadequate, and we visited fancy-work stores and interviewed experts behind the counters to get suggestions for new titles. An annotated and classified list was made and a copy was sent to each of the settlements in the neighborhood. The settlements were appreciative; so were their people. The small girl takes them, the woman who won't look at another book takes them, and the men get them for their wives."

At the Divoll branch: "The socialized activities of the branch do not consist alone in work with individuals. We are also continually co-operating with associations and clubs for the betterment of local conditions. For example, the Nord St. Louis Damenchor, under the direction of Professor Hugo Anschuetz, volunteered to give three free Sunday afternoon concerts in our Auditorium. Probably nothing has ever been given in the building which has been so appreciated by all classes in the neighborhood and has been so satisfactory artistically." Here I am irresistibly reminded of two little girls in a playground who told me they *loved* to go to the Sunday afternoon concerts there. Touched by this infant appreciation of music, I asked them what they enjoyed best. "Oh, we have the best times," they exclaimed, "we go around behind the benches and pin the ladies' dresses together!" But this is a cynical digression. "The mothers' clubs of each of the schools have been invited to visit the branch for a social hour and a cup of tea. Although the maximum number of mothers has been only thirty-five, we are better satisfied with the resulting relations than with almost any other extension work undertaken by the branch. We told the mothers what they could do to help us, and outlined the principles of children's work. A story or two was told, a few books exhibited, and the mothers registered. Every day since, we have seen mothers sitting with their children on the children's side, searching the children's shelves and asking about their children's reading, a state of things practically unheard of before here."

The report includes a most readable article by Mary Wheelock, Chief of the Bookbinding Department, entitled, "New Books for Old." Reading it, one is impressed not only with the range of Miss

Wheelock's technical knowledge of processes and materials, but with the common sense she uses in dealing with all kinds of unexpected and vexing problems connected with kinds of paper, width of margins, the number of years a book will be in use, even the formulas for different kinds of glue, the replacing of missing leaves, the cleaning of soiled books. All of these things and many more. Miss Wheelock makes so fascinating that one does not wonder that the children haunt this department and come back after the others are gone to look again and to ask more eager questions.

Our library under the leadership of the Liberry Beggar has become a great dynamo of social energy, radiating not only intelligence, but friendliness, better understanding, kinder relations among people. I know of no business conducted for private gain that takes as much pains to please its customers and to win new ones. Socialists may well point to it as an example of conspicuous success without the incentive of gain. It is a truly social enterprise, in which the people seem to have recognized a thing that is their own, a thing that they can really avail themselves of, with a feeling of proprietorship which as yet they have not developed in regard to public schools, parks, and hospitals.

And the man who has fostered this spirit of the people towards their library is Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick.

♦♦♦♦

Texas Awake

By Harry B. Kennon

MOHNIN'."

"Good morning."

"What did she close at heah last night?"

"Fourteen and a quarter."

"Off some. Thankyuh."

The lengthy young Texan who had invaded my sleeping-room at three that morning, eyed me from his bed calmly, if sleepily, yawned, turned over and probably dreamed of twenty-cent cotton. I had engaged the room, with its two beds for which I was in no way responsible, under the definite promise that my privacy was not to be disturbed. Not that I require two beds for my slumbers, though the heat of the last few nights had made changing beds agreeable, but that I prefer to room alone at all times, particularly when in a hotel; and I prefer, as well, to know who shares my quarters. It is simply a matter of taste. Very probably the Texan never gave my ideas or tastes a thought. He wanted a bed.

The Bee City hotel rising-gong sounded rather later than usual that Sunday morning which, the past night's experience considered, was a blessing. My companion of the wee sma' hours slept until noon, though he had wakened sufficiently to get the cotton quotation he wanted. After that he deliberately rested. There would, of course, be no market Sunday; and no market in Bee in September means a hot, dusty, uninteresting void. I should like to have slept through the day myself. I needed sleep. But I am a creature of habit to whom bed at unusual hours is discomfort; so I arose to kill time, if it didn't kill me.

All the previous day, and for days past, every road leading into Bee City had been alive with wagons carrying cotton to that center—cotton baled, loose and seed. Saturday, September 9, 1916, the cotton market hummed more than a fortnight earlier than in previous seasons; the day had broken Bee's record for receipts, more than two hundred bales having been weighed; and if the fourteen and a quarter price was a slump from the fifteen and three-quarters paid September 1st, it was yet an alluring quotation to farmers who had sold six-cent cotton in 1914. They rushed the crop in. Bee City's streets were white with the great staple and alive with traders; the gins worked all day and into the night, and farmers lingered in Bee to get their cotton out. The stores remained open until late. Good nature prevailed. Texas was awake.

But I was by now good and ready for my night's

rest. So having gotten up my mail and having nothing so good to do after a hot, tiring day, I went to bed at my usual hour of ten. Naturally I thought of cotton conditions as I composed myself for sleep; every soul in Texas was thinking or dreaming cotton. The murmur of the day's spent market arose to my open windows. . . .

Everybody who has followed the important and extremely interesting history of American cotton knows that the outbreak of the great European war yet raging caused the bumper Texas cotton crop of 1914 to move out at prices ruinous to growers; everybody has heard of the hard times that followed. But knowledge of the stiff price paid by growers to maintain their farms and provide for their families is not so general. Thousands of hitherto prosperous farmers were compelled to mortgage their live stock and 1915 crops to tide over; renters, from whom all was at once taken, threw up the sponge and left for the oil fields or wherever work for a living offered. These last, unprotected by lands under the generous land-holding laws of Texas, suffered first and most keenly; they departed with no possessions but their usual large families, leaving nothing behind them but debts to the merchants who, like the farmers, were indebted to money-lenders.

The Texas legal rate of interest is ten per cent, but the borrower who did not pay more in the fall of 1914 belonged to an exceedingly slim minority. The expedient of advancing the face value of notes ten, fifteen and sometimes twenty per cent over and above actual sums loaned, the notes bearing the customary ten per cent, was resorted to; an exceedingly simple expedient not yet done away with. The risk may have justified the procedure in the ethics of financiers, but the fact remains that it placed cotton growers in bondage and put Texas more nearly to sleep than anything that has yet befallen the lively state.

The cotton crop of 1915 was short but the prices were fair. Some few growers were able to free themselves; others, less fortunate, were able to pay interest and some part of their principal; the majority, composed of small growers, found their 1915 crops and live stock still mortgaged and had to rustle around for a little more cash to carry them through. The weaker merchants failed and others had to be carried. Texas was still comatose.

It is doubtful if there exists on the earth's surface a body of men who will pay their debts more cheerfully than Texans if they have the money—or continue more blithely to owe if they have not. Your Texas farmer is habituated to debt for his comforts and the condition does not render him uncomfortable. Exceptions to the rule but prove it; the machinery for keeping the farmers in debt is almost perfect. It is also doubtful if a more hard-working or more hopeful man than the Texas cotton grower is to be found anywhere. Hard work is his portion when not resting; he rests with a deliberation to be envied. Hope is in the Texas air.

And hope was never higher in the hearts of Texans than in the spring of 1916, when it dawned upon cotton growers that the war that had placed them in bond was going to make them free. They planted their seed in surety and watched the stalk sprout and grow and leaf and flower, white to yellow to red, with joy; they saw the flowers fall and the pods form and swell in certainty that every pound of cotton that Texas could raise would be so sorely needed by the world that the world would pay well for it. Growers everywhere sighted full crops—and freedom.

Then came the drouth of July and August, ripening the crop prematurely and diminishing it in the vicinity of Bee and elsewhere one-half. Hope had a set-back but no defeat. Many of the farmers would pay out, since the price was so good, even with half a crop; some would have to bind themselves for 1917. That poor, hopeful devil I saw to-day with eight children and only two bales of cotton where he had expected six. . . .

"Ullo! Ullo! Ullo!"

The call came from the office of the hotel, which

is on the second floor of a ramshackle building with acoustics so perfect that every guest shares every sound within it, not to mention the roar of passing trains.

The town clock struck twelve. I suppose I had dropped off to sleep while thinking cotton. The call was repeated.

"What yuh want?" came the proprietor's voice from his bed-room. The hotelkeeper is likewise a storekeeper; the Bee City hotel has no night clerk, though trains stop at Bee at ungodly hours. Traveling men call it the "Hotel Automatic." "What yuh want? Cain't yuh wait?"

"Got a bale o' cotton heah I want to git weighed."

The grumbling of my fat host and the explanations of the farmer sounded while the awakened man got into his trousers, sounded in the office down the stairs and under my window as they passed along the street. I had a drowsily foolish notion that I was responsible for the landlord's return; so I remained awake, fighting mosquitoes for occupation and finally putting on my socks, as the creatures seemed most to enjoy my ankles; keeping under a sheet was unthinkable in that temperature. The hotelkeeper came back, grumbling—I could hear him complaining to his wife in their room. Then silence came—and sleep.

"Boss! Boss!"

An old negro stood in my door, unlocked because it has no key and the latch is broken.

"What in thunder do you want?" I asked.

"Got a man I'm goin' to put in heah."

"Not on your life," I retorted. "This room's mine."

"But yuh got two baid's."

"And I have a gun. You git."

He got; and he sounded doors all down the hall, awakening men to anger wherever he knocked. Some of the compliments fired at the old darky raised the temperature. Then the hotelkeeper made up his mind to get up and mix in; the belated traveler was bedded, where I have no idea. I learned later that he was an absentee landlord rushing through Bee to his big farm to hurry up his renters with their picking. After a while nothing but snores broke the quiet. I am told, by one who should know, that I snore. . . .

A discreet rustling aroused me. I opened my eyes to see a man stripping, over by my other bed, in the moonlight. He completed the job and turned in. I did not expostulate. He looked twelve feet high as he pulled his shirt over his head—I measure five feet nine in my boots. No, I did not expostulate.

And although I slept little thereafter, I am willing to give credit where credit is due. Never did a man invade one's solitude with less noise than the Texan invaded mine. He had the grace not to flash on the electric light, and he divested himself of his upper layers so quietly that had I not been a sleeper easily awakened I should have been ignorant of his presence until the gong sounded. He did not even drop a shoe, somewhat of a trick when one is undressing at three in the morning by the light of a waning moon.

We met again at dinner and he informed me that he had walked ten miles, his automobile having broken down on the road to Bee. It was now at the garage being doctored, if the man he stirred up before stirring me had kept his promise and gone out after it. "Would I go around with him and see how it was coming on?" I said I would, and I did. It was a good make of machine that a half hour's work, which the Texan said meant an hour, would see ready for travel. My friend invited me to drive out to his farm, promising to land me in Bee soon enough for business Monday morning. Here, indeed, was dull time killed to my taste. I accepted gladly.

We sped along over a good red clay road for about fifteen miles, then trundled over sandy roads not so good for live; we came to a gate beside

which was a barn. "Heah she stahts," said the Texan, meaning that here was an entrance to his farm; "I'll 'phone up to the house for a team."

"What's wrong with walking?"

"Yoh town legs'd give out. If yuh want to stretch 'em we'll go meet the hosses."

He put up his machine and we struck out through pine timber over an ascending trail that only imagination could call a road. "If it hadn't been for 1914," remarked my guide, "I could have druv yuh clean to the house. That yeah played hell with private improvements, yuh know." We met the team, driven by a sturdy sixteen-year-old boy. "My son," said the Texan. The man was so young that I expressed surprise at his having so old an heir. He laughed: "Got foh moh' just like him—all cotton pickers. We breed sons in Texas. We need 'em."

The land began to smile as we teamed along, the timber behind us: corn, sweet potatoes, goobers, peas, beans and cotton flourished in their appointed fields; Jersey cattle, hogs, horses and mules dotted the pastures. I noticed that the cotton had had a first picking and asked the question expected: "How much did you make?"

"A even dozen—oughter been moh'. Show 'em te yuh after supper."

"Where do you gin—at Bee?"

"With them sharks! No, suh! Four five us farmers done set up a gin of our own over yon' a bit. Shoo!" This last to chickens and ducks, as we drove up to a porch wreathed in white clematis and set behind pink crepe myrtle and glossy-leaved, late flowering cape jasmine shrubbery.

The Texan's wife, a wholesome woman, who told me that she picked cotton too when picking was on, gave us a good supper, every bite, except the coffee, sugar, pepper and salt, off the farm. "We learned to grow our own feed in fohteen," explained my host. I asked his wife if cotton picking was not hard work for such small children as I had seen in the fields; asked what about their schooling. She smiled. "Cotton tendin' an' pickin's good for boys," she said; "when my girls come I'll hole 'em back—got boys a-plenty. We got to send 'em to school whether we want or not. Schools don't open 'til after pickin', in the country. We got a good school three miles off."

Texas miles are long miles—they stretch. I thought of children trudging those muddy miles in winter—I thought of pampered city children to whom street cars or automobiles are a necessity for one-third the distance. Somehow, I felt that I had stroked the backbone of my country.

Then, in the glow of a magnificent sunset, the Texan took me to the back yard and showed me his cotton: twelve bagged bales, a little fortune. He dug his hand into a bale and pulled out a fluffy sample of the snowy staple. "Prime first pickin's," he said, "oughter been longer stock an' moh' of it, but I ain't kickin'. Second strippin' I help out. Goin' to staht this lil' ole dozen to Bee the second day it rains—"

I interrupted with a laugh. The lack of rain had become a joke, if sad; the evening sky was cloudless.

"I'm goin' to git fifteen for my cotton if she stan's in the streets of Bee 'til snow flies," he said.

"Won't that be expensive?" I asked. "How are you going to work it on a fourteen twenty-five market?"

His answer was to sniff the air. "Cain't yuh smell it?" he asked.

"I smell the pines down below—delicious!"

"Pines I wait winter for clearin'," was the response. "Come mohnin' yuh an' me I be drivin' back to Bee in the wet. If it's anyways spread wet yuh I see cotton quit comin' in an' prices up. Mine I staht to meet the raise."

Here was a man standing solidly on his two feet, his strong hands guided by brains. I put a question that in Texas is not considered impertinent. "Own all this clear?" I asked—"owe much?"

"Not too much," he answered with entire frankness; "them twelve bales at fifteen is goin' to free

me—an' a bit to bank. Nineteen fohteen lef' me dryer'n them lil ole baked branches we crossed comin'—no water to wet feet of a bull-toad. I was plum broke but for my land, an' I needed money bad—that's the trewth! Bee an' all round wanted fancy prices for money an' a lien on my wife an' boys almost, seein' they couldn't bag my land. I seen long slavery at them figgers." He laughed, as he pulled the cotton sample to pieces and watched it float away on the little breeze that blessed his hill-top. "So," he continued, "I sole a sorry ole mule, an' bought me a Stetson an' some stoh close an' a ticket for St. Louis."

"Why St. Louis?"

"The's a man there my old pap friended down to Blue Grass when he went broke. I ain't seen him, but he knew my stock; an', if he was the man pap said he was, I was dead sho he'd let me have my need 'thout takin' my hide."

"But why take the long trip? Why not write?"

"I cain't go beggin' 'thout lookin' my man in the eyes. I tole you I ain't seen him yet."

"You were not begging. Every business man has to borrow."

"So he said when I tole him the thievin' that was rotting Texas farmers worse than boll weevil. He wanted to *give* me the money to beat the game we're settin' in. He showed me how four five farmers could bank themselves by hitchin' together an' holpin' one anothe. We done it. I tole yuh 'bout the gin—an' that ain't all. Cose I couldn't take his money less'n legal an' he let me have my need. Then I came home an' me an' my wife panned the hahd times out together. She oughter been a man—an' she cain't breed no girls to keep her company. Maybe nex' time—"

"Want a daughter yourself, do you?"

"Sho! Got enough li'l bull-shoats growin' up."

"Well, that's in the future. How about last year?"

"Last yeah I paid some back. Them twelve li'l ole bales"—he patted one of them—"at fifteen is goin' to pay the rest—near's I can ever pay him. He's white!"

"Texas awake," I thought, as he showed me to my bed at the end of the long, screened gallery. And Lord, how I slept!

The Texan was up and doing long before I stirred. When I did awake I saw that a gentle rain was falling; heard my host saying to one of his negro teamsters: "Bill, yuh hitch up in the mohnin' an' drag them bales to Bee. I'll be at the hotel. Foah teams'l do it from the gate barn on. Rains'l make the roads hahd an' easy."

We motored into Bee in wet, getting wetter—and a coolness that invigorated after the torrid heat. No cotton came into town and there was practically no market, only reports that rains had been general round about Bee. Tuesday the sun shone but receipts were still slim when the Texan's four wagons were driven by the hotel, where he sat complaining humorously that it was too wet to pick. Cotton advanced to fourteen thirty-seven; the Texan took me for a joy ride to a neighboring town. To buyers he said his price was "somewhere round fifteen." He shared my room as a matter of course, smoked more cigars than was good for him, talked cotton and his boys for whom he was ambitious. Wednesday, cotton went to fourteen fifty, seventy-five—the Texan smoked and rested; his teamsters slept on the wagons when not eating watermelon. Thursday, Sept. 14, cotton hit fifteen.

"Let's go get shaved," said my friend.

The Texan's jaw was covered with lather when a man in the next chair, one of Bee's biggest cotton buyers and money lenders, sat up for his hair polish. "Say you'd sell at fifteen?" he asked my Texan.

"Said so yesterday."

"How about now?"

"She'll hold 'til I git cleaned up."

"Will you take fifteen an' a quarter?"

"Cash?"

"Cashier's check."

"It's yohn."

Texas awake.

The Campaign Up To Date

By Victor S. Yarros

THE writer was one of the few who did not like Mr. Hughes' first campaign utterance—his telegram to the Republican convention. It was praised as "a good beginning" even by some independents, but that was a manifest absurdity. The telegram was a very poor, very bad beginning. It was not the telegram of a dignified man, of a judge who had just resigned his high judicial place, of a thoughtful and cultured gentleman. It was the telegram of a narrow-minded, censorious, small politician, of a man lacking in good taste and the sense of propriety.

The telegram led the writer to express the feeling that Hughes might peter out completely and prove a disappointment to his sincere admirers.

It cannot be said, at this stage—the final one—of the campaign that Hughes has "petered out." He never presented any substance or bulk. There was nothing to peter out. His campaign has been an absolute fiasco. It is notorious that his friends have been amazed and disgusted. Republicans, Rooseveltians, re-converted Progressives—all have admitted that he has been dull, flat, platitudinous, sophomoric, dense and cheap. He has not even been decently honest or straightforward. Hindsight and safety first have been his watchwords. He has dodged and straddled every "dangerous" question, and has been "bold" only on the "new" issue—the eight-hour law passed hastily by Congress to avert a national tie-up.

I shall say something about this "issue" presently, but it is important to note first the utter collapse and ignominious burial of the other "alleged" issues—Durand, Myron Herrick, Huerta, "Americanism," Democratic inferiority to Republicanism, etc.

Republicans now say more or less openly that their party will win in spite of Hughes, not because of him. That is, the man who was to be a tower of strength, the man who was regarded as the great inspirer and harmonizer, is now regarded simply as a good tool and instrument of a party that is attractive to tariff-mongers, to subsidy grabbers, to plutocrats generally. It is no secret that the Republicans hope to win on these two reactionary issues—more and higher protection, and opposition to the eight-hour legislation. They think they can ignore the ex-Progressives, the enthusiastic champions of "social justice." They think that Roosevelt has brought most of these back into the fold, and Maine is supposed to have removed any serious doubt as to that fact. Maine, of course, has done nothing of that kind. Maine Progressives were peculiar, and their sentiments to-day do not necessarily reflect the sentiments of Western Progressives. It is impossible to believe that the real Progressives will permit themselves to be hoodwinked by the Republican reactionaries. What has Hughes said, or promised, in which any radical or intelligent liberal can find cheer or inspiration?

Let us now consider the eight-hour issue. Hughes and his followers accuse Wilson of having played scandalous politics with that question. Borah goes so far as to say that even the workmen resent the manner in which Wilson sought to bag their votes by pretending to accept the eight-hour day in principle. "Surrender to the Brotherhoods," and selfish, dishonest surrender at that, is the Hughes explanation of Wilson's stand. Will radicals and Progressives swallow that explanation? It is discreditable to men of the Borah type to affect to believe that Wilson sought, or thought of, personal and partisan advantage in his efforts to prevent the railroad strike. Surely, the men and women who have sympathy with labor, with reform, with democratic liberalism, will resent that gratuitous insult.

It must be clear to such persons that Wilson—whom the country expected to prevent the strike—suggested what he thought a perfectly fair compromise. He accepted the basic eight-hour day, but

left the question of the incidence of that forward step entirely open. Investigation was to settle the compensation, or rate-increase, question. In other words, if the public had forbidden the strike, the public should be prepared, if necessary, to pay the cost of the concessions the men insisted on—and had a perfect legal and moral right to insist on.

Ah, but Wilson betrayed and sacrificed the sacred principle of arbitration! say the railroad Pecksniffs and their befuddled dupes. This is nauseating cant. Arbitration was not betrayed. Wilson suggested a concession which he deemed entirely reasonable, and this he had a perfect right to do as a mediator. Certain questions were left to arbitration. An arbitration programme was placed before Congress with a view to the future. To imply that Wilson should have stuck to the one pseudo-solution, arbitration, and should have refrained from offering any constructive proposal whatever; that he should have bullied the labor leaders, threatened them with dire moral penalties, and risked even a great strike; is to write one's self down a dunderhead. The well-organized labor men knew that, in the absence of law and legal machinery designed to prevent strikes, or to force arbitration, the President could do nothing to coerce them or their fellow-workmen. The President had no right to disregard the national anti-strike mandate. He had to act, and the very people who are now viciously attacking him would have been the first to heap scorn and ridicule upon him if he had merely urged arbitration, failed and allowed the strike to take place.

But that is not all. The President could but advise. Action finally depended on Congress. If the Republicans and converted Progressives in that body were convinced that the President was playing selfish politics, and was repudiating the sacred principle of arbitration so dear to the railroad executives, they had the power and the opportunity to spoil his game, to cover him with confusion. Hughes, Borah and the rest were witnesses of the drama: why did they not openly and boldly advise their friends to defeat the eight-hour bill? Why did seventy-five Republican representatives vote for this monstrous, shameful, iniquitous piece of legislation? Why did La Follette vote for it in the Senate? Why did not the Senate minority kill the measure by filibustering, oratory, obstruction?

The bill was enacted—even Joe Cannon voting for it—because the country was in no mood to tolerate a strike, and because the Republican and the Hughes campaigners did not dare to suggest effective opposition thereto. To pretend now that the price was too dear, or that the strike would not have amounted to much anyhow, or that the President played such transparent, immoral and degrading politics that even the workmen resent his attempts at "bribing" them, is to talk contemptible nonsense.

Has this contemptible nonsense misled many thoughtful people? Has Hughes, who is working this "issue" for all it is worth, gained considerable strength because of it in circles that were not with him before?

Be the answers what they may, the use and misuse by the plutocrats and the humbugs of this new issue should stimulate the opposition of the progressives and liberals to the Hughes candidacy. Hughes is not even an artful dodger. He is now plainly the candidate of the reactionaries and the Bourbons. By these gentry Wilson is fiercely hated and dreaded. They froth at the mouth when his name is mentioned. They cannot forgive him his sympathy with the Mexican revolution, his cold contempt for dollar diplomacy, his idealism, his democracy.

The campaign has now entered on its last phase. Can any intelligent liberal, any lover of fair play, any thinker of modern tendencies, hesitate for a moment as between Wilson and Hughes, or as between the party led by Wilson and the party that expects to win in spite of its candidate, the party that is eager to return to its old policies of plunder and aggression at home and abroad?

The "Buckaroo"

By Albert W. Tolman

The steel skeleton of the thirty-story "skyscraper" was two-thirds up. On the twentieth floor stood a big derrick, worked by a donkey engine one story below and used to hoist the long, heavy girders into place. The limestone walls were finished up to the sixteenth floor.

The men had already been at work two hours on a hot morning in August. Chris Sargent, "heater boy" of the riveting crew on the seventeenth floor, plucked a red-hot rivet from the forge with his tongs.

"Say, Jim," he said to Llewellyn, the sub-foreman, or "straw boss," "what do you make of Dan's new buckaroo?"

Dan Thompson was "gun man;" he ran the riveting machine that was clanging away on a column at the front of the building. His "buckaroo," Millard Kent, was the man who held up the rivets to be driven in. He had joined the crew that morning.

Sargent skillfully tossed the heated rivet fifty feet to Tom Kennedy, the "sticker boy," who stood with Thompson and Kent on the stage that swung three feet below the floor. Kennedy caught it in his bucket, picked it out with his tongs and thrust it into the hole. The buckaroo held his dolly bar firm against the head of it, and Thompson drove the other end up with his riveting machine.

Llewellyn watched the new man critically.

"Smarter than a steel trap," he admitted. "Mighty unlucky that Brown hurt his hand last Saturday! I'm afraid by the time it gets well this fellow'll have his feet planted so solid that he can't be shaken off. Brown's run into some pretty hard luck this year. With his boy in the hospital, he's simply got to have this job back again. I'll go over and see what I can find out."

He walked over to the swing staging. "Hired for long?" he asked Kent.

Kent had sombre black eyes and a strong jaw. He looked at the boss for a moment and then shook his head.

Another rivet clinked into Kennedy's bucket and again the "gun" clattered. Llewellyn scowled at the buckaroo. When silence came, he spoke again.

"I asked you if you were hired for long?"

A second time Kent shook his head. Whirling angrily on his heel, the foreman walked back to the forge.

"Won't talk!" he growled to Sargent. "Guess he's ashamed to. Looks to me like a clear case of trying to steal a sick man's job. Brown's too good a fellow to be crowded out like this, and I won't see it done, if I can help it. Unless I'm mistaken, that fellow will soon find these diggings too hot to hold him."

The news passed quickly and quietly over the open floor that the newcomer was trying to steal Brown's job. Soon life began to grow decidedly interesting for the buckaroo.

Thompson, the gun man, who had not found a word of fault with the buckaroo before, now kept up a continual growl. Sargent, standing by his forge, could easily drop a rivet into a man's hat seventy-five feet away. He had not made a single wild pitch that morning,

but now the buckaroo seemed suddenly to have become a magnet. The red-hot rivets began to fly straight toward him.

Kent dodged the missiles gloomily; if he noticed anything out of the way, he gave no sign. The straw boss made no criticism on the waste of rivets. It was well that Kent should be taught a lesson. Before they got through with him he would know better than to try again to steal a sick man's job.

A big box girder, known technically as a 24-80, made up of two parallel I beams, twenty-four inches deep and fifty feet long, held together by plates bolted over their tops and bottoms, was ready to be hoisted to the twentieth story. This immense girder, of course, weighed tons. It had been painted with red lead the day before and was rather slippery. The workmen passed a strong chain directly round its middle, but they did not stop to insert any planks to keep the links from slipping. It is not always safe to hoist "iron to iron," but in this case no wood was at hand and there was need of haste. Two half hitches

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with a small rope or "tag line" were taken about a yard from the left end of the girder.

"All ready!" came the cry.

The signalman, standing on the front of the twentieth floor not far from the derrick, pressed an electric button on an adjoining column and gave the engineer one bell. The chain grated taut. Slowly the girder rose.

Up went the girder, held parallel with the front of the building by the man with the tag line. It passed story after story, until it was opposite the fifteenth; then its left end swung slightly in.

From the sill of a window that opened on the sixteenth floor, Llewellyn leaned out to push the beam away, so that it would not scratch the soft limestone. But he leaned too soon and too far

Just as his hands were about to touch the steel it swerved away.

For an instant the straw boss tottered on the sill, writhing, twisting, striving with all the strength and agility of his trained muscles to regain his balance. But all in vain! His body swayed outward, and with a cry of horror he plunged into space.

There was only one chance for him. As he pitched forward he flung his left arm over the moving girder and hooked his finger ends under the farther flange of the top plate. His cheek struck against the hot, painted side of the beam. His fingers were slipping, slipping. He swung his right arm up, and in a moment had hold with both hands. He raised his body until the edge of the girder pressed against his armpits.

There he hung, gripping the flange, with his back to the building and his heels swinging one hundred and sixty feet above the city street.

His shout of alarm was echoed by his mates. The signalman on the top floor, looking down and seeing his predicament, instantly gave the engineer a bell to stop hoisting. The girder hung in mid-air, and the end to which Llewellyn was desperately clinging swung now several feet from the "skyscraper."

The steelworker was in fearful peril. His smeared fingertips were too slippery to retain a firm hold. And now, to add to the danger of his predicament, the left end of the beam, overweighted by his hundred and fifty pounds, began to tilt downward. In a very short time the beam would tilt to such an angle that his fingers would be unable to keep their hold on the slippery flange.

A grinding sound drew his eyes to the chain round the middle of the girder. The straining links moved jerkily. It was only a slight shift; but Llewellyn's practiced eye saw at once what would presently happen. The paint was so "green" that it acted as a lubricant between the chain and the beam; the links above the top plate were sliding back. When the girder had tilted to a sufficient angle, it would slip through the chain and drop to the ground.

Close to Llewellyn's right arm lay the two half hitches of the tag line. For a second he entertained the wild idea of trying to slide down it to safety, but he quickly dismissed the thought. Long before he could hope to reach the ground, even if the half hitches did not pull out, his weight on the swaying rope would tilt the beam so far that it would come thundering down upon his head. There was no escape in that way.

Down, down, down, steadily, remorselessly, sank the left end of the great red stick of steel, and as steadily the right end rose. Llewellyn's brain seemed paralyzed. His body had hung at right angles with the girder; now every second the angle lessened. Already his fingers were slipping; a little more and he would lose his hold altogether.

He glanced over his shoulder along the front of the building. Fifty feet away, opposite the rising right end of the beam, the riveting crew stood motionless on their swing staging. Thompson and Kennedy were staring at him, white-faced; but Kent's eyes were fastened on the rising girder end, which was now almost level with the stage. Suddenly he dropped his dolly bar and stiffened, as if he were bracing himself for a tremendous effort.

"Hold hard!" he cried to Llewellyn. Then, with both arms extended, he leaped straight out into the air toward the beam.

Instantly the straw boss understood. If the equilibrium of the girder could be restored, he had a chance. Kent was risking his own life, in the hope that his weight, if added to the other end of the steel, would bring it back to horizontal before Llewellyn fell.

The buckaroo had timed his leap just right. The foreman, looking up the slanting red surface, saw his rescuer's arms dart over the top plate and saw his fingers grip the flange. Could his weight overcome the momentum of those tons of metal and force them back?

Seconds of suspense went by—long,

terrible seconds to Llewellyn. Down sank the beam, still down, almost to the point where he could hold on no longer. He pressed his fingers into the paint. To his right the chain links ground and slipped; noises from the street far below rose to his ears.

From the upper end of the girder Kent's face looked down at him, anxious but calm. Suddenly a smile curved the lips. The beam had stopped rising; it even began to sink slowly. A shout of triumph burst from Thompson and Kennedy. The buckaroo had won.



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\$50,000.00 Stock of New Furniture

—from the foremost manufacturers of the land—the most distinctive designs and qualities that we guarantee—offered during Home-Makers' Week at savings worthy your attention.

Staple Cotton Goods, Sheets, Pillow-cases, Etc.

—are on sale in the Downstairs Store at prices every housekeeper will recognize as being considerably less than regular.

Fine Blankets, Housekeeping Linens, Etc.

—immense stocks, and unlimited variety irresistibly priced for this event.

Housewares, China, Cut Glass, Lamps, Etc.

—the great sections of the Fifth Floor offer untold attractions during Home-Makers' Week.

Pianos, Player-Pianos, Talking Machines, Pictures, Wall Paper, Etc.

—are also included in this extraordinary bargain event—these sections on the Fourth Floor.

The occasion makes an irresistible appeal to those who desire home furnishings of any or every description, and a feature worthy of particular emphasis is the extremely low prices that prevail this week.

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Even before it had resumed a horizontal position Kent glanced up at the signalman.

"Lower away!" he cried.

The engine started and the fall began to run through the sheaves. Down went the girder, steadied by the tag line, until the men's toes touched the ground.

Llewellyn stepped up to the buckaroo and stretched out a calloused hand.

"You've saved my life."

Kent grasped the hand.

"Forget it," he replied.

Suddenly a puzzled look overspread his face, and he passed his hand over his jaw.

"That's funny!" he exclaimed. "I've been awake since midnight with the toothache, and now it's all gone. Not a twinge left! Must have frightened it out of me. Sure cure, but don't know as I'd recommend it to everyone."

He continued apologetically:

"You fellows must have thought I was pretty grumpy this morning; but I'm almost as deaf as a haddock from ten years' hand-riveting on boilers, and

that, together with the kind of pain I've suffered the last twelve hours, doesn't make a man any too sociable. Guess I won't forget this job in a hurry, even if it's only a short one. I'm here for just a few days, holding the place open for Brown till he gets well. He's my brother-in-law."

Llewellyn stared a few seconds at the buckaroo without speaking. Kent's words had cleared up a number of things; also, they had made the foreman heartily ashamed of the way he and the others had treated the stranger. But he was glad that there was still time to make it up to Kent.

"Come on, old man!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder and turning toward the elevator. "Let's get back to the sixteenth."—*From The Youth's Companion.*

♦♦♦

Letters From the People

A Reply to Mr. Salisbury

Girard, Kans., Sept. 23, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I'm afraid that Mr. William Salisbury is seeing things. I read almost every Socialist paper published—the big ones and the little ones; the bad ones and the worse ones—and I can swear on a stack of Bibles that I haven't seen any "large excerpts" from Mr. S.'s first book, "The Career of a Journalist." (If this book is as inaccurate as his letter in last week's MIRROR, then the Socialist editors would be exceedingly wise to refuse to use "large excerpts.") Mr. Salisbury writes that the Socialists would give the impression that he is with them. I don't think Socialist editors have the time in this warm campaign to attempt such an absurd task. I don't think Mr. Salisbury has had anything in a Socialist paper since the old days of the *Evening Call* (N. Y. City) when his book first appeared. It is true that "large excerpts" were used then—about six years ago. Since then "The Career of a Journalist" has been careering about without the help of Socialist papers. Of course, it is possible that an editor somewhere quoted something from it, but that would be no excuse for the amusing letter Mr. Salisbury contributes to your columns. I really believe that someone has been "stringing" this Mr. Salisbury.

And now let me write a word about the book itself. It's a very good one, I'm glad to say. One would suppose that a man who can write such a work would not write such a bad little letter. I read the book when it first appeared and was impressed. It's so good that if Mr. Salisbury will send me a copy (a rascal of a reporter stole the one I had), I'll be glad to use a few excerpts, though I don't see where that would lead anyone to the conclusion that Mr. S. is a Socialist. Surely no one will say they found any Socialism in "The Career of a Journalist."

Mr. S. also writes of "the great number of notoriously bad patent medicine advertisements in all Socialist newspapers and periodicals." The fact of the matter is that most Socialist newspapers and periodicals can't get even patent medicine ads. Let him come to my exchange desk and I'll show him dozens of little struggling Socialist papers that must depend on their subscribers for their revenue. He refers particularly to the "weekly to which

Debs is the chief contributor." It is quite obvious that Mr. Salisbury hasn't been reading Socialist papers for years, otherwise he would surely know that Debs is no longer associated with a weekly, but with a monthly magazine published in St. Louis.

"Socialism in America is rapidly dying, if it is not already dead," is Mr. S.'s remarkable statement. I believe that Mr. S.'s theory has it that an increase in the number of followers indicates the death of any organization, to say nothing of the decay of classical loneliness.

Further on we learn that it is altogether too bad that there weren't a few thousand martyrs in Europe when the war began. It would have been so lovely to have even one Socialist step out and get shot to show that he meant what he said. The fact that the German authorities refused to shoot Liebknecht, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxemburg and other Socialists goes to prove that Prussianism has absolutely no regard for the "will to martyrdom." I believe it is a subtle form of tyranny to take good raw material and put it in prison when it would be so much more picturesque to do the usual thing at

sunrise. The next international Congress of the Socialists should take up this matter. A resolution will no doubt be of great help. John Bull let the late Keir Hardie talk his head off against the war—and wouldn't even put him in jail! MacDonald, Anderson and other malcontents even issued manifestos intended to interfere with enlistment—and they were let alone. These democratic monarchies are hard on martyrs.

Mr. Salisbury prays for "even one martyr"—just one. Well, what about James Connelly, the author of several Socialist pamphlets, editor of the Socialist *Harp*, commander-in-chief of the Irish revolutionary forces in Dublin last Easter? EMANUEL JULIUS.

♦♦♦

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Her Suitor—Well, you're not going to break up housekeeping, are you?—*Boston Transcript.*

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Darling Dips

Dozens of old graduates were back, and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend. "Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one. "Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke. "I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate marital experience." They hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars. "Why, the girl he married turned out to be a professional pickpocket." The man who had first spoken sighed, but his eyes twinkled. "Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs—what?"

At the Theaters

Anthony Mars' French farce, "The Girl in the Taxi," which was given its English version by Sanislaus Stange, will be offered as the attraction at the Park Theater for the forthcoming week. The production calls for an unusually small number of principals, but those who will be assigned to important parts will find that they have plenty to do. Miss Florence Mackie as prima donna, and Billy Kent as juvenile comique, will have the feature roles of the show. Sarah Edwards as *Clara Stewart*, mother of *Mignon* (The Girl in the Taxi) will have a pleasing character part.

"The Henpecks" is a sure-fire hit at the Park this week. Billy Kent as *Henry Peck* and the village barber's apprentice, is the comedy success of the production. The scene in Ravioli's tonorial parlor is equally as funny as the one presented in the original production by Lew Fields. Harry Fender has four big song and dance numbers, one of which is with Bertha Black and another with the clever danseuse Josephine DuBois. Florence Mackie, Sarah Edwards, Janet McIlwaine, Margie Heim Mueller, Frances Lieb, Carl Haydn and Emmett McDonald, round out a flawless cast.

What Willbur D. Nesbit, president of the Forty Club, Chicago, is pleased to term a "Radiant Reservoir of Rollicking Repartee and Rapier-like Roistering, shooting forth scintillations of personality, like million dollar chunks of intellectual radium." will be the inaugural attraction at the Jefferson Theater when it opens the regular theatrical season on Sunday night, October 1st, with "The Cohan Revue, 1916."

Cohan and Harris, who present this pretensions offering, adroitly and humorously introduce it as "A Musical Crazy-Quilt, Patched Together, Thread-

ed with Words and Music and Staged by George M. Cohan." This tells the story tersely and truthfully, as reports indicate that the prolific George has discarded all conventional lines of construction, and taken several of the season's most successful plays and woven them into an entertainment that is said to be the snappiest, speediest and liveliest musical spectacle presented in many, many years; which is some sweeping assertion when recalling some of the successes he has achieved in recent years.

In knitting his Crazy-Quilt, the indefatigable Cohan has utilized "Major Barbara," "Fair and Warmer," "Common Clay," "The Great Lover," "The Boomerang," "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," "Sybil," "Treasure Island," "Hobson's Choice," "The House of Glass," "Mrs. McChesney," "Under Fire," "The Hippodrome," and other things, and made them into a fabric that is unique and Cohanesque.

In the two acts there are fourteen scenes into which are interpolated twenty-six musical numbers, including "He Can Cure You of Love," "Crying Jane," "The Fair and Warmer Cocktail," "From Broadway to Edinboro' Toon," "Alone at Last," "You Can Tell That I'm Irish," "My Musical Comedy Maiden," "Gaby," "Julia and Donald and Joe" and many other whistleable melodies.

The cast includes Richard Carle, Valli Valli—who will make her St. Louis debut upon this occasion—Elizabeth M. Murray, Charles Winninger, Miss Juliet, Harry Bulger, Lila Rhodes, James C. Marlowe, Grace Nolan, Little Billy, Frederic Santley, Harry Delf, Jere Grady, John Hendricks, Alfred Latell, Boyle and Brazil, Anita Elson, Florence Curtis and almost a hundred of a chorus that is said to possess pulchritude, vivacity and melody.

The production, cast and embellishments are the same as presented in New York and Chicago.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the brilliant young English actress, niece of famous Ellen Terry, is the vaudeville headliner at the Columbia Theater for the week beginning with Monday's matinee; she is remembered recently as the star of all the great stars appearing in the revival of "Trilby," playing the title role. Miss Terry is one of vaudeville's greatest acquisitions this season. Her contribution begins with the beautiful soprano rendering of "Do You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" followed by "Couplets du Mysoli." Then, with the assistance of Cecil King, she appears as *Juliet* in the scene in *Friar Lawrence's* cell in "Romeo and Juliet," in which she, as *Juliet*, comes to *Friar Lawrence* in his cell for advice. Following this is the scene in *Juliet's* bed-chamber, between *Juliet* and *Lady Capulet*. The two scenes so widely dissimilar have been selected purposely to show Miss Terry's remarkable transition from light to shade. Miss Terry has no equal in the role of *Juliet*. No higher art dramatic than hers has ever been shown in vaudeville. . . . In contrast to this will be offered Eddie Leonard, "prince of minstrels," assisted by Anthony Howard and Fred Mayo, in "The Minstrel's Return." Leonard has been a favorite

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for twenty-four years. His voice of Marty Ward and Company appear in the songs he composed and sings are, "Ida," "Boo-oo Eyes," "Roly Boly Eyes," "I Lost My Mandy," "I Wish I Was a Girlie's Beau" and his latest song, "Black Eye Lou." Bonita and Lew Hearn have reunited in "Bits of

minstrel quality is unequalled. Some of Musical Comedy;" Mabel Russell, "Call It What You Like;" Bert Melrose, the famous international clown, features his original Melrose fall; Martin and Frabbini have a dancing and singing novelty; the Gladiators are a combination of prodigious strength and

graceful motion, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly shows the world at work and play.

❖

Next Sunday night the new Shubert-Garrick Theater, Chestnut street at Sixth, will have its formal opening. The theater has been redecorated, a new velvet curtain hung, and it is said to be one of the most beautiful theaters in the country. Manager Stoltz has secured for his inaugural attraction a play which has enjoyed remarkable success, "Experience," George V. Hobart's modern morality comedy-drama of to-day. The engagement opens next Sunday night and will be for one week. There will be a bargain matinee on Wednesday and a regular matinee on Saturday afternoon.

William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest will send the New York "Experience" organization to St. Louis, especially for this opening. This organization is a very large one, having a cast of eighty-two noted players.

"Experience" has been heartily approved by the clergy of New York, Chicago and Boston. The Reverend Doctor Frank Crane, the famous New York divine, in a signed article to the New York papers, said: "I adored the 'Sign of the Cross,' 'The Passing of The Third Floor Back' and 'The Servant in the House,' and I love 'Experience.'"

In "Experience" it is the character of Youth which Mr. Hobart has taken as his central figure—the average young man of to-day—and woven into a connected story all of Youth's adventures. This tale has the throb of young love, it has the high pulse of adventure, it has intoxication and want, it has poverty and opulent happiness, the critics say; and moreover, these writers specially mention that this drama has personality and suspense, without which, they say, no play can succeed.

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Next Sunday evening, with "Der Veilchenfresser" (The Violet Fiend) Gustav von Moser's great military comedy, the local German theatrical season will be launched. The German Theater company for this year is made up of last year's favorites, and a new leading man, Mr. Juergens, lately from the Royal Court Theater of Stuttgart. Mr. Juergens was the hit of the last season at the Irving Place Theater, New York. He will make his debut here in the title part, that of the "Veilchenfresser." A returned old favorite will be Anna Lofing, the charming soubrette. Her first engagement in this country was when Director Loebel brought her to St. Louis direct from the Stadttheater in Frankfurt. She was with the company here for four continuous seasons, but went to Cincinnati last season, and is glad to be back again. Lore Duino, the leading lady, Luise Loebel-Pellmann, Victoria Welb-Markham, Anna Berneck, Gustav Hilmer, Paul Dietz, Fredy Ambrogio, Willy Schoeller and all the rest of the German Players seen here during last season will be featured in the initial attraction. Mr. Hilmer will stage the play. Tickets are on sale now daily at the Victoria from 9-12 and 2-5, and down-town at Jost's, 110 N. Sixth street.

Following "Potash and Perlmutter," now playing at The Players' Theater, Grand and Olive, for the first time at popular prices, the next offering of The Players will be "Never Say Die," a delightful farce by Willie Collier and W. H. Post.

Though it ran for 464 performances in New York City, and had long runs in Boston and Chicago, the Collier farce has never been seen in St. Louis. In bringing it here, the Players' management is living up to the promise to produce plays which the booking syndicates have denied St. Louis the privilege of enjoying. The farce deals with the tribulations of a chap (Mitchell Harris) whom the physicians tell he surely will die when he does or does not do certain things. He violates all instructions, and thrives. The mother-in-law problem also is introduced from a new angle. The first performance will be next Sunday afternoon.

In the Montague Glass comedy-drama The Players this week are giving an excellent account of themselves. Joseph Dailey as *Abe Potash* has come into his own as a capital comedian. Mitchell Harris finds *Mawruss Perlmutter* a congenial role, dialect and all. He is proving the fact that he doesn't take himself too seriously from having played many serious roles. Miss Thais Magrane is a charming *Ruth Goldman* and Arthur Holman, Ethel Howard, Chester Beach, Edwin R. Stanley, Marie Curtis, Jennie Ellison, Jason Robards, Louis Bartels and the others reflect credit upon Director Hanlon's judgment in casting them in the joyful and pungent romance of the cloaks and suits business.

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Lectures on Irish History

A series of lectures on Irish history and literature will be given during the fall and winter in the auditorium of the Soldan High School. The first will be given on the evening of October 6, and thereafter one every month. It is intended that the course shall cover Irish history from Cromwell to Parnell. Separate lectures will be devoted to Parnell and Emmett. Special evenings will be devoted to the leaders of Irish literature like Mangan and Moore, and the general subject of Celtic influence on English literature will be considered at length. Among the lecturers will be a distinguished Gaelic scholar. All the speakers will be men authoritative in their line, many of them residents of St. Louis. The first lecture will be by Monsignor P. W. Tallon. His subject will be "The Dublin Revolt in the Light of History." He will be introduced by Rev. W. W. Boyd, formerly pastor of the Second Baptist Church, well known for his radical sympathies. Monsignor Tallon has made a special study of the Irish cause, not alone from books, but through familiar acquaintance with the people. The other lecturers will be announced from time to time. There is a large element in St. Louis of Irish antecedents who should be much interested in this course, as it will offer opportunity for sympathetic study of the history and the traditions of the Green Isle not elsewhere or otherwise to be had in this community. The lectures will be held at eight o'clock in the evening and the admission will be free.

The P-l-a-y-e-r-s

Grand & Olive The Spoken Drama

Now Playing, Montague Glass, "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" Great Human-Interest Comedy-Drama; First Time at Popular Prices
N-E-V-E-R S-A-Y D-I-E Willie Collier's Fine Farce, Beginning Sunday, Mat., Oct 1 First Time in St. Louis, with MITCHELL HARRIS, Thais Magrane and The Players. Prices, 75 to 15c, Boxes, \$1. Seats at Famous-Barr, Grand-Leader and Theatre. Matinees, Sunday, Thursday, Saturday. Symphony Orchestra. Late Curtain V. P. Night.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10-20c

VAUDEVILLE—Now Open
"Fraternity Boys and Girls," E. P. Churchill's latest tabloid production, headed by Sylvia De Frankie, Velma Hinkle, Marjorie Young, Florence Travers, Russell Frost, John Morse, and Harry O'Leary; Grant Gardner, the blackface funster; Leslie and Sol Berns, in a comedy singing and talking sketch called, "At the Depot;" Datto and Rialto, in variety offering; and Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

BASEBALL TO-DAY Sportsman's Park

BROWNS vs. DETROIT

September 29, 30, October 1.

GAME STARTS AT 3:00

Tickets on Sale at Metropolitan Cigar Store and Grand-Leader.

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Touching

An American lady at Stratford-on-Avon showed even more than the usual American fervor. She had not recovered when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked on the platform: "To think that it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he journeyed to town."

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A German spy caught red-handed was on his way to be shot.

"I think you English are brutes," he growled, "to march me through this rain and slush."

"Well," said the "Tommy" who was escorting him, "what about me? I have to go back in it."—*Tit-Bits.*

Love's Labor Lost

At a certain church it is the invariable custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married in this church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

"Well, Harry," said the young woman, when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee."—*Tit-Bits.*

New Books Received

WITH SERBIA INTO EXILE by Fortier Jones. New York: Century Co.; \$1.60.

An American's account of the retreat of the Serbian army from the Danube to the Adriatic. Forty-eight illustrations from photographs.

WINDY McPHERSON'S SON by Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.40 net.

A novel going into the psychology of life.

WITTE ARRIVES by Elias Tobenkin. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of a family of Jewish immigrants, showing their assimilation into American life, their absorption of American ideals, their patriotism and appreciation of the opportunities offered them.

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF ST. MEDARD by Grace King. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40.

A novel of New Orleans and the south at the close of the Civil War. Of more than usual merit.

HEINE'S POEM, THE NORTH SEA. Translated by Howard Mumford Jones. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.; \$1.00.

Printed in parallel columns with the original German, with an introduction by the translator.

GERMAN-AMERICAN HANDBOOK by Frederick Franklin Schrader. Published by the author at 315 West 79th St., New York; 50c.

A convenient manual of historic, political and sociological information in regard to that element of American population descended from German parentage.

WILLIAM OUGHTRED by Florian Cajori. Chicago: Open Court Publ. Co.; \$1.00.

A biography of the great seventeenth century teacher of mathematics, being an account of his life, his works, his influence on mathematical progress and his ideas on teaching mathematics. Indexed.

PHILOSOPHERS IN TROUBLE by L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

Six new stories by the editor of "The Hibbert Journal." Something unique in humor, with a powerful punch at the end of each story. Those who specialize in philosophy will rejoice at the way in which woody thinking on ultra high-brow lines is brought up with a jolt into common sense.

FROM THE HUMAN END by L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

A volume of new essays on current themes. Mr. Jacks' philosophy has been knocked somewhat groggy by the Great War, but he manages to show forth the soul of goodness in things evil. These essays are very clear, strong writing.

THE ROAD TOGETHER by George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt; \$1.00.

An American drama in four acts showing the conflict between vagrant emotions and the bond which is made in marriage. Mr. Middleton's dramatic writings are having quite a vogue. His art is not over-colored, but he deals with dangerous subjects boldly, without straining for sensation.

STANDARDS OF HEALTH INSURANCE by I. M. Rubinow. New York: Henry Holt; \$1.50.

A presentation of the subject of health insurance and a discussion of the problems involved in preparing a model health-insurance law, emphasizing the benefits which must be given, the proper way of apportioning the cost, the organization of medical aid and the necessity for compulsion. This plan attempts to include the best of the English and German systems. The author is a man prominent in insurance circles, being at present secretary of the Social Insurance Committee of the American Medical Association.

THE BELOVED SON by Fanny Kemble Johnson. Boston: Small Maynard Co.; \$1.40.

The first novel from the pen of this popular short story writer. A love idyl and a portrayal of a father's and son's deep affection. Frontispiece by Gage.

PINCUS HOOD by Arthur Hodges. Boston: Small Maynard Co.; \$1.40.

This is the novel named by the book sellers of the country after a contest covering several months. It concerns an art dealer who plays fairy godfather to struggling artists, and has both humor and charm. Illustrated by Frederick R. Gruger.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS by Philip Curtiss. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

The story of a man who sought for a genuine unspoiled woman and how he found her in a world that was new to him, where he was wanted not to go. Frontispiece.

SECOND CHOICE by Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

A novel of Georgia life. Frontispiece by Dexter.

THE RISING TIDE by Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

A modern girl in revolt against conventions. Written with Mrs. Deland's usual skill and power. Worthy successor of "The Iron Woman."

Marts and Money

Wall Street people remain in a happy and enterprising state of mind. They look for additional enhancement in quoted values; likewise for two-million-share days in the near future. Their faith in things is upheld by the quite sensational advance in the price of United States Steel common. They argue that this foreshadows two or three years more of unparalleled prosperity in the most barometric of industries. Some of the enthusiasts stoutly maintain that foreign demand for the products of American mills should grow larger still, and that domestic demand, also, should soon reveal substantial improvement. In support of their opinion they eagerly cite the statement of the authoritative *Iron Age* that Europe is anxious to take all the steel American producers are willing to furnish, and that buyers in this country are placing contracts for the first six months of 1917 at prices they firmly refused to consider two months ago.

At the same time, preachers of the "bull" gospel point with pride to the prodigious doings in the markets for copper and copper stocks. These wonders, too, they declare, are significant of an indefinite prolongation of the felicitous state of affairs in the United States. Similar inferences, we are told, may justly be drawn from the increasing inquiries for American cars, locomotives, and electrical appliances. In fine, we are given to understand that the United States has become the principal financial and industrial nation of the world, and that it will continue in this proud position for many years to come, if not forever. As to the reasonableness of this theorizing there can be no grave disputing, methinks. It is emphasized by visible facts and tendencies, and freely admitted even by the foremost economic thinkers in Europe. There's good excuse for suspecting, however, that the Stock Exchange folks are a trifle too impetuous in their efforts to "discount" the epochal economic metamorphosis by putting up prices for speculative securities. Quoted values cannot be maintained for long if they exceed inherent values. The greater the excess, the greater the peril of violent declines. Whether the danger line has already been reached, or when it may be reached, in the general market, not even the wisest of observers can tell at this time. Definite conclusions are forbidden by the many economic cross-currents, the doubts in regard to the probable duration of the war, and the perplexing uncertainties about actual conditions of finances in the belligerent countries. It seems safe to predict, however, that the patient investor and speculator will be given ample opportunity, in due time, to purchase his favorite stock certificates at considerably lower prices than those now in effect.

As already intimated, United States Steel common is the most brilliant feature of the big show in Wall Street. Its current quotation is 117½, or only four points under the price of the preferred, the 7 per cent on which has been paid ever since 1901. On March 1, purchases could be made at 79¾. People who considered the stock a poor bargain at 38, in February, 1915, have been

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taking it in liberal amounts since the quotation went above the 100-notch. They now admit that they feel extremely "bullish" on it, and that they would not feel the least surprised if the quotation were to be raised to 150. There are intimations even that the stock may be worth 250 a year from now. Queer what paradoxical changes a sharp rise or a sharp fall in prices will cause in the popular estimation of securities! There was a story afloat, some days ago, that a banking institution in New York had taken over a large amount of Steel common formerly owned in Europe, with a view to lessening selling pressure on the Exchange, but it is now understood that the story was entirely baseless. There is excellent reason for the belief, though, that Europe's capacity to liquidate the corporation's shares has been reduced to such an extent that the dominant clique in Wall Street feels quite safe in its operations *à la hausse*.

The quotations for other steel stocks show no important changes. They are a point or two below the recent maximum levels. Republic Steel common is rated at 68, against 69¼ on September 14; Colorado Fuel & Iron common, at 55½, against 56¾ on the same date. The action of these certificates supports the belief that new top records may be set in the next week or two. It is not wholly improbable that Republic Steel common may be on the list of dividend-paying stocks some time in 1917. The company is earning something like 40 per cent on the \$27,000,000 outstanding, after deduction of the 7 per cent on the \$25,000,000 preferred. The amount yet in arrears on the latter class of shares will undoubtedly be paid

in the next few months, that is, before the end of 1916.

In the group of copper certificates, Anaconda and Utah were the principal performers lately. They are quoted at 99 and 96, respectively, or at the highest prices on record. The "bulges" were attended by reports of new foreign buying of enormous quantities of the metal at ruling prices. For December delivery electrolytic is quoted at 27 cents a pound. In the early months of this year the price was up to 30 and 31. Unterrified "bulls" of Anaconda declare that the company is earning \$20 on the \$116,500,000 stock outstanding so long as the refined metal is selling at 25 cents. The existing dividend rate is \$8 per annum. Similar sanguine opinionation may be heard respecting Utah and other prominent copper companies. The stock of the Kennecott Co., which was incorporated in April, 1915, is quoted at 55½, against 44½ on August 2. It has no par value. The dividend rate is \$6 per annum. Thus far, this stock has proved a severe disappointment to those who bought in 1915 at 55 to 50¼. There are indications that insiders are consistently accumulating it during the recurrent declines of two or three points. The Kennecott owns one-fourth of the stock of the Utah Copper Co., and also very valuable properties in Alaska and Chili.

The shares of ordinary equipment companies are somewhat lower than they were a week ago. Their quotations reflected heavy profit-taking sales. Motor certificates were firm, speaking generally. Some of them scored gains of several points, chiefly as a result of manipulative tactics. The number of

goods of this kind is constantly increasing. The latest additions were Saxon and Stutz Motor stocks. There is much enticing talk regarding the shares of the Maxwell Motor Co. The common is expected to advance to 100 in a few days; it is quoted at 96 at present, against 91 a week ago. Financial papers are replete with beautiful facts and figures as to Maxwell earnings and prospects. Wonder who the company's press agent may be! He surely is earning his salary. In saying this, I have no intention of belittling the remarkable advancement of the company in recent years. A few years ago its common and preferred shares were regarded as highly dubious purchases even for speculative purposes. To-day they are receiving the considerate attention of investors who are not afraid of running more or less risk in their purchases, so long as they can get high rates of return. Maxwell first preferred, quoted at 87, nets 8 per cent; the second preferred, quoted at 57, nets 10.52; the common, quoted at 96, nets 10.41.

The wheat market continues firm, with an upward tendency, owing to growing knowledge with reference to the unusually strong statistical position of the trade. Argentina reports serious drouth, and unfavorable news comes also from Australia. In those two countries harvesting begins in December. Estimates respecting European requirements are still being raised. The current price of May wheat is \$1.55, against 96½ a year ago. The price of May corn denotes an advance of 20 cents; that of May oats, one of 15 cents. Farmers are not selling in large quantities; they are anticipative of still better prices in the early months of 1917. An upward slant is displayed also in the quotations for cotton options, in consequence of further reductions in crop estimates and heavy demand from domestic manufacturers. May cotton is selling at 16.32. I believe it will be worth 18 cents before long.

Finance in St. Louis.

In the Fourth Street market there yet is a very industrious demand for industrials. Purchasers seem to take their cue from the big market in the East. The past few days witnessed a noteworthy revival in the inquiry for Wagner Electric, the lofty prices notwithstanding. More than two hundred shares were absorbed at 330 to 341. The buying was attended by the usual hints at "important developments" in the next few months. The company is expected to cut a nice melon, or at least to order another increase in the regular dividend rate. National Candy common was raised to nearly 16, but subsequently fell back to 12.50. Several hundred shares were disposed of. The officials of the company are reported to be in a decidedly optimistic state of mind as to earnings and outlook. This is considered sufficient excuse for the scramble to purchase the common certificates. Fifty shares of Independent Breweries first preferred were sold at 25 and 26, and the bonds at 64. Ten shares of Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred brought 85. This would seem a quite reasonable figure, the dividend rate being 6 per cent. Thirty shares of the first preferred brought 105; the dividend rate is 7 per cent. The low mark in 1915 was 100. The price of the com-

mon stock, which pays 8 per cent, is up to nearly 150.

Ten shares of Chicago Railway Equipment were taken at 102; seven Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. at 118; twenty Laclede Gas preferred at 100 and 102; five Union Sand & Material, at 75.75; and \$3,000 Laclede Gas first 5s, at 101.50. United Railways 4s were not very active, but steady in price. The few sales were made at 62 to 62.25; twenty shares of the preferred stock brought 17.50.

The demand for the stocks of financial institutions was of modest proportions. Bank of Commerce sold at 110; twenty-five shares were transferred. Thirty Boatmen's Bank brought 118.50, and twenty Mercantile Trust, 341.50.

Quoted loan rates show no changes of real consequence. They indicate satisfactory conditions. They reflect, to some extent, the imports of gold. Much of the metal, after arrival in New York, is credited to inland manufacturers of war material.

Latest Quotations.

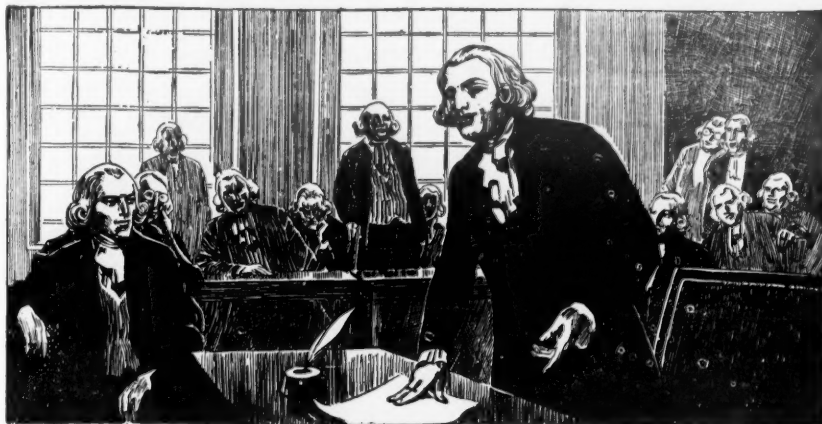
	Bid.	Asked.
German-American Bank	210	215
Nat. Bank of Commerce	109	110
State National Bank	204	
United Railways com.	4 1/2	5
do pfd.	16 1/2	17
do 4s	62 1/2	62 3/4
Laclede Gas 5s		101 1/4
Kinloch Telephone 6s	105 1/2	106
Int. Shoe com.	98 1/4	101 1/4
Granite-Bimetallie	67 1/2	70
Ind. Brew. 6s	61	
Chicago Ry. Equipment	102 1/2	
Wagner Electric		350
City of St. L. 4s (1918)	100 1/4	

Answers to Inquiries.

L. J. D., Edwardsville, Ill.—Considered strictly from the investor's standpoint, American Car & Foundry common, quoted at 68, does not seem an especially alluring purchase, the yearly dividend rate being only 2 per cent, and the prospects for a material increase not promising at present. The company's finances are in good shape, and will improve further in the running fiscal year. The last annual report showed a total surplus of \$25,800,000. The possibility that the price of the common might return to 98, the top record in 1915, appears slim. It cannot be wholly disregarded, though, in view of the growing demand for cars and car material both for domestic and foreign account, the latter, particularly. The 7 per cent preferred is regarded as an investment stock, and that for valid reasons.

READER, Burlington, Ia.—There's much "bull" talk about Western Union stock. There are hints at 120. The current price of 102 compares with 87 on March 1 and with 57 on January 1, 1915. Predictions of a further advance in the dividend rate—now 5 per cent—are quite reasonable, considering the steady improvement in earnings. Six or 7 per cent could easily be distributed. You would be justified in buying in a scaled way.

TRUSTEE, Parsons, Kans.—(1) Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha preferred is an investment stock. At present it is quoted at about 135, denoting a net return of 5.18 per cent. A serious decline seems highly improbable, much depreciation having occurred in the past eight years. In 1913 the top was 150½. About ten years ago the stock was quoted at 200 to 230. In case of a general break, the price would be likely to fall to 128. The danger of a cut in the 7 per cent dividend on



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the common stock is slight, I think, despite the disappointing harvests. (2) Would not advise a purchase of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (Big Four) preferred. The 5 per cent dividend, recently re-established, is not permanently safe, but it may be paid for at least two years, in view of the extraordinary industrial activities in the East.

SPECULATOR, St. Louis.—Inspiration Copper has risen from 16½ to 65 since January 1, 1915. Dividend payments were initiated last May at the rate of \$1.25 quarterly. The present rate is \$2 quarterly, or \$8 per annum. The stock is a decidedly speculative proposition, though likely to advance in rank in the next few years. The company's cost of production is strikingly low, and its ore reserves are enormous. Of the capital stock outstanding—about \$20,000,000, of the par value of \$20—\$3,000,000 is owned by the Anaconda Copper Co. The 8 per cent dividend is the result, chiefly, of the heavy buying of copper for the Al-

lied nations. It is conceivable that the price of the stock may rise to 80 or 85, given a continuance of existing conditions.

W. A. G., Lafayette, Ind.—American Locomotive common is generally expected to go to a higher level still before long. It's one of the war industrials, but not very active, as a rule. The ruling price of 79¾ indicates an advance of \$22 since July 13 last. On March 14 last, sales were made at 83¾—absolute maximum. The company resumed common dividend payments some months ago at 5 per cent per annum. The 1915-16 report revealed 36 per cent earned on the \$25,000,000 common, after 7 per cent on the \$25,000,000 preferred. The regular locomotive business is growing better right along. If you wish to invest, you should buy the preferred certificates.

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